**************** A MISSOURI COMPROMISE. **6300000000000000000000000**

BY EDWARD B. CLARK.

Old Bud Jackson lived near the source of the "Big Black" in the Ozari Mountains of Missouri. Bud had lived there for sixty-five years. That was just his age. His habitation was rude but comfortable and his daughter Bess tended it with housewifely care. Best was Bud's only child. She was a coy mountain maid of 20, and as pretty a. one of the wild flowers that peep from the ground in the Big Black Valley in the negro had described the bird ac-

lived down the stream a ways, and the holdings of the two men joined. had a son Bill. Between the two mountain farms over in a corner lay a triangular piece of ground not mor than two acres in extent. Outside o the woodland this was the only piece of land on the Jackson-Withers holdlags that was not cultivated. It was weed grown, and though it would have supported a goodly crop of grain. no seed sown by the hand of man ever fell there. It was known for miles around as the Debatable Ground. Bug and Si both claimed the piece, and had wrangled over it for years before the feuc became deadly. At the present status of things if either one set his foot on the strip the other would have snot he bird had fallen. He knew from the

Bud Jackson had a hobby. He was a collector of birds. Scientists from St. Louis and from the Western state colleges came to his place every summer to look at his collection. He never would add a bird to the lot unless it had been killed in the state of Mis- lied. souri, provided always of course that the bird was known to have been seet in the state. Bud didn't expect to get and flamingoes in Missouri, but if he should have heard an Indian tradition that 500 years before a flamingo had been seen on the Big Black, he would not have added the bird to his collection until some one nad sent him one with the proper attestation that it had been killed incide the timits of his native state.

the ruby-throated humminghird to the enew of Bud Jackson's almost insane build an addition to his house to store wory bill. He had heard the two shothis birds. Some people said that Bud run reports that immediately preceded cared more for his birds than he did for Bess, which was a ile. For years retriever. He put two and two togeth-Bud had scoured the woods of the r and smiled. Czarks, extending nis trips to the adivory-billed woodpecker, killed some- enthusiast than any of the others. where else, for comething like \$20, but he would have a Missouri bird or none. Bud Jackson that he would like to He slept out nights in the woods and meet him at the Debatable Ground the starved and thirsted on the trail of re- next morning. Bud might come with ports that the big bird had been seen. In armed escort if he chose. Bill would Generally it turned out that those who have one. They met the next morning. told of the appearance of the wood- I'wo mountaineers with rifles were bepecker, not knowing much about birds, aind each party to the conference. Bill had seen the big "log cock" and had howled an invitation to Bud to drop taken him for his still pigger brother. his gun and to come to the center of

that Bess had something on her mind. Bud agreed. They met. say much, but just thought he'd let the ne'll even shake hands with you." thing come out by itself. But it didn't come out. Bess just kept on acting as though she were way off somewhere in the clouds. One day as the old man brook from the direction of the Jack- salled out: "Bud, look here." He thought he knew now now to ac- and holding by one foot the finest If old Withers knew of it he would be eyed Bessle curiously when he entered Missouri killed." the house and asked if there had beca my visitors while he had been away. In his face was a great joy.

"No," stammered the girl, and fell to stushing directly.

"Hamph!" said the father. Two days later Bessie went out to sick blackberries. Haif an hour after tre and Boss Jackson holding hands, back. When the recovered sufficient- an example that other lines are begin ty he look die youd the jutch and ning now to follow. The Eolo, the Arn there shall old St Wither, grasping a gutt and porclass at the prin of lovers. In all the fleet there is not a name that There couldry be any shooting that day on all it wilds, and both old fellows turned and went home. It was not a 1: classif evening that was spent that night in either the Jackson or the

Vithers households. Bud storm umed and told Ress that and

oringing everlasting disgrace on man taking up with the son of that old hief, Withers.

Si Withers said a good deal of the ame sort to his son Bill, but Bill being fellow who thought for himself, held

he old fellow pretty well in hand. About a week after that a negro apeared at the Jackson home and reported ivory-billed woodpeckers in the ig woods. Bessie had been torbidden e leave the house. Bud seized his gun and made for the big patch of timber. turately. Bud reached the edge of the Bud had a neighbor, Si Vithers. Si woods, plunged in and had not gone en yards before he heard a strange, attling cry. He knew it from the description he had heard. He went in its lirection. In a minute he saw a great oig scuttle round the bole of a beach. Bud's heart jumped into his throat. It was the first living ivory-billed woodpecker he had ever seen. 'ine tree trunk was between him and the bird. He rounded it cautiously. The woodpecker left the tree with a cry. Bud's shotgun went to his shoulder. There was a report and the bird wavered. Anther report, and the woodpocker, flyng another few yards, fell limp to the ground behind some bushes. tashed forward with a great hurrah in his heart. He reached the spot where way it went down it was dead-but where was it? Not a feather could be ind. Two little drops of blood stained the fallen leaves and that was all. Und searched for three hours and then went nome with a sorrow in his neart such is he had not known since his wife

The morning of that woodpecker episode Bill Withers was skirting the woods in the hope of getting a glimp so of Bessie. He had a retriever dog with him that was thrashing about in he woods and fields by turns in the iervous way that such dogs ; ave when heir owners are not on hunting bent. all at once the retriever burst from the scods and dropped something at his naster's feet. Bill picked it up. He crew it was an ivory-billed woodpeck-What a collection that was! There or, for he had seen one in a glass case was pretty near everything in it from it the capital in Jefferson City. He big bronze wild turkey. Bud had to lesire to get hold of a Missouri-killed he bringing of the bird to him by his

Everyone knows something of the joining counties for the wirpose of mania of the true collector. The story getting one bird, the ivory-latted wood- of the confirmed old bachelor who got pecker. He knew that the ivory bill narried to a sour-visaged old maid bewas a dweller of the southeast United ause she had a china teacup that States, but he also knew that strag- would complete his set, unquestionably gling birds had been seen in the deep is true. The stamp collector gives the woods of the mountains of Missouri, enth of his fortune to get a canceled and so he kept up his search with his 2-cent stamp that happens to be of a shotgun over his shoulder year after solor shade peculiar to itself. The true year. He could have purchased an bird collector is perhaps more of an

Bill Withers managed to get word to One day in the summer Pud noticed the disputed land for a conference.

She started suddenly whenever he "Mr. Jackson," said Bill, "I want to spoke to her and more than ones me. I'll tend to my old man. He's got blushed vividly. The old man didn't so he does pretty much as I say, and "None of your breed can have Bess,"

said Bud, sour like, "But Bess wants me."

"You can't have her." This in a was coming back from a collecting trip growl, and the two men turned and he could have sworn he saw Bill With - separated. When he had gone about ers, old Si's son, making off across the three yards Bill Withers turned and

son home. Bud gripped his gun tightly Old Bud wheeled about. Bill was and felt a lump come up in his threat. standing there with one hand uplifted count for Bess' blushing. He kept his specimen of an ivory-hilled woodpeckown counsel, however. He knew that |or that Bill had ever seen or heard of. "Do you want it, Bud?" said Bill. just as hot about it as he was. Bud "It's in the flesh and I'll swear it's

Bud's eyes popped. His frame shook,

"Bill," he said, and his voice trembled, "Bess is yours."

Shortest Name "The Ea." says the Philadelphia Re cord, "is said to have the shortest is more than five letters long.

"Now, my dear, marry him. He is old, it is true, but he has money." "But, mamma, the man may live for months."-- Life.

ONCE IS ENOUGH TO SEE

Gustave Dore's portrait of Dante is worth seeing-once. But once is enough. Some such look you notice on the faces of those who have suffered, and still suffer, much physical pain; people subject to rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, periodic headache, lumbago, or pain from some old lesion. This pain-habit puts its marks on them, as the custom of handling ropes crooks a sailor's fingers; or as too much riding of a bicycle stamps a worried expression on certain faces. No wonder people said of the Italian poet as he passed along, "There goes

THE MAN WHO NEVER LAUGHS." The complaints above named all yield to the action of Benson's Porous Plasters, and quickly too. Not only those, but colds and coughs, kidney and liver affections, all congestions and muscular strains, diseases of the chest, asthma and all ailments which are open to external treatment. It is frequently said that Benson's Plaster is Pain's Master. It cures when others are not even able to relieve. For thirty years the leading external remedy. The old-style plasters, as well as salves, liniments, oils, etc., have little or no efficacy as compared with Use it. Trust it. Keep it in the house. Ask for Benson's Plaster; take no other. All druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c. each. Seabury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N.Y.

New Train Service Between S Joseph and Chariton, Ia. Via Grant City.

Attention is directed to the new train service of the C. B. & Q. between St. Joseph, Mo., and Chariton, Iowa, yis the new line lately completed between Grant City and Albany Junction.

In addition to trains 111 and 112 between Chariton and Kansas City via the old main line, there are new trains 114 and 113 running as follows: No. 114 daily except Sunday from

Chariton to St. Joseph via Bethany Junction, Grant City and Albany Junction, leaving Chariton 5:45 a. m., arriving St. Joseph 12:30 roor, making connections at St. Joseph with south bound train of the K. C. St. J. & C. B., No. 20 North bound trains from Kansas City,

No. 15 and 21 connect at St. Joseph with C. B. & Q. train No. 113 leaving St. Joseph daily except Sunday at 2:45 p. m., running north via Albany Junction Grant City and Bethany Junction, arriving Chariton 9:30 p. m.

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NOVEL CONSUMPTION CURE

et a Horn That is trard to blow age to Hunting Every Day.

"I see a good deal in the newspapers nowadays in the line of speculation as the merits of various cures, or aleged cures for consumption and other outmonary complaints," said the man with the whiskers, who lives on his plantation in Arkansas in winter and NAME OF ESTATE. ngineers a string of race horses in ummer. "Of course, I can't say with authority whether any or all of them re worth trying, but I have a method of my own, which, I believe, will arrest consumption in its early stages, and 1 know it to be a specific for weak lungs."

"What is it?" said the planter's com-

"Push that button and give your order to the waiter, and I'll tell you in the interests of humanity."

After the order was executed the planter said: "When I was a youngster my lungs were weak, and my mother sent me to California for my health. I remained there a year or two but got no better, and finally a friend of the family dropped in on me at Los Angeles to say howdy. I noticed that he started when he looked at me, but I paid little attention to it, for I didn't 24 realize that he was shocked at my appearance. I learned afterward that the very next day he telegraphed to my elder brother that if he wanted my mother to see me alive he had better send her for me at once, as I was dying 31 of consumption. I was sent for withcut delay, and went back to my home in Arkansas. I was as thin as a rail and had a bad cough.

"The family physician-an old-fashioned country doctor, who gave as he could—took a look at me and said: 39 Bender, Elias
40 McNulty, James Boy, do you want to die?' ! said I dic

" 'Do you hunt?' he said.

" 'Of course,' said I. The question seemed foolish to me, for everybody bunted in those days.

" 'Well, you have a chance,' said he 'Now, you get a big pack of dogs together and hunt every day in the year except Sunday. Follow the dogs, and don't be afraid of the weather. Getting wet won't hurt you if you take the proper precautions. And blow a horn Have you got a horn? Let me see it.'

"He tested the horn and said, 'I won't do. It is too easy to blow. Get one that is hard to sound, one that you You don't need any medicine, but it you don't do as I tell you there will be a funeral, and you will ride way up in

"It wasn't hard for me to take the old doctor's advice, for deer hunting ad always been a hobby with me. buckled down to it in earnest, and for the next five years I don't think missed a day in the hunting season. followed the dogs through the roughes: sort of country, kept two horses keyed up to racing form all the time, and had two packs of fast hounds. I am afraic to say how many deer I killed, the number was so large. My health be gan to improve from the start. My lungs got entirely well, and I picked up weight and muscle with phenomena rapiday. Ever since the good old doc tor told me how to cure myself of in cipient consumption I have been a bunter. If I couldn't get at least three days a week behind my dogs in coic weather I think I should die of ennui I attribute my cure to three thingspleasurable exercise in the open air blowing a horn, and abstaining fron the stimulus of alcohol. I never tastec whisky in my life. When my health was poor I used to carry a half-gallor bottle of sweet milk in my saddle pock et and drink it when I felt tired. O late years I haven't done this. Plait water is good enough for me when am hunting, and I think every othe; hunter would find it sufficient if he would only try it. The horn-blowing unquestionably strengthened my lungs The lungs can be developed and hard ened by exercise as readily as can the biceps muscle. Being out of doors, breather only the pure, soft air of the Southern forests, and as I was intense ly interested in the chose my spirit were always buoyant, and a cheerfu mind is a mighty agent in the cure of:

"Now, my own case is not the only one in which I have known incipien consumption to be cared by a pack o hounds and a huntles horn. An unch | or mine, who recently died at the age of 88 years, was supposed to have consumption when he was about 25. He took to for hunting and blowing a

"But If you think of recommending to be careful of his Tell him not to a are scraped so thin that you can st through them. Let him not a spothick horn, with just a little curve it, one that takes a mod deal of to power to sound. That is the limit make a man and a hauter of time

SETTLEMENT DOCKET

Probate Court of Holt County, Mo. Regular May Term, A. D., 1902.

ADMINISTRATO&, GUARDIAN. CURATOR OR CURATOR, EXECUTOR SETTLEMENT.

First Day, Monday, May 12, A. D., 1902.

W. S. Thomps

Freeman, Samuel Rhodes, John Administrator Administrator Second Day, Tuesday, May 13, A. D., 1902. Bean, Baxter Meyers, Jno Townsend, Jno. A. Hahn, Daniel King, Frank, et al, Young, Samuel E. A. Brown M. C. Brumbaugh Bertha Townsend M. D. Walker William Sanders Administrator Administrator Guardian Administrator Guardian 13 Drappeau, J. B.

Third Day, Wednesday, May 14, A. D., 1902.

P. G. Worley William Knowle Administrator Administrator Evans, Ann Kuhn, Annie et al. Bradbury, W. E. Mira, Z. T. Randall John A. Goldsberry et al, Goldsberry, Elizabeth, Guardian 1st annual 2d annual Fourth Day, Thursday, May 15, A. D., 1902. Charles Williams M. D. Walker John E. Taylor Lemuel Meadows Minnie E. Robius Guardian 8th annua

Shirley, Grover Meadows, Marvin Robinson, Roscoe

Guardian

Fifth Day, Friday, May 16, A. D., 1902. W. H. Richards W. H. Richards W. H. Richards Chas. Rayhill Hon, Peter Handley, Harvey Tuttle, Sylvester Guardian 6th annua

Sixth Day, Saturday, May 17, A. D., 1902. Mary A. Brownlee Albin Hershner Wm. Allen Fred St. John Rob't Gillis Ava J. Bender Monroe Stebbins Curator Administrator Allen, Henry St. John, Dorothy Gillis, Myrtle & Repta lst annua Guardian Executor

Seventh Day, Monday, May 19, A. D., 1902.

STATE OF MISSOURI.

County of holt. Ss. I, George W. Murphy, Judge of the Probate Court within and for Holt County, Missouri, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a full, true and complete copy of the Probate Settlement Docket for May term, A. D., 1902, of said court, as the same appears of record in my office.

[SEAL.] Witness my hand as Judge, and the seal of said court. Done at office in Oregon this 15th day of April 1902.

GEORGE W. MURPHY. Judge of Probate Court.

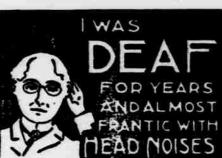
Administrators, Executors, Guardians and Curators are urged to be prompt in making their settlements, and are respectfully referred to the following sections of law:

Section 218, of Volume I, of the Revised Statutes of 1889, reads as follows: "The court shall call the name of Executors and Administrators on the day for which their settlements are docketed, and if any Executor or Administrator fail to appear and make settlement, the court shall continue such settlement to the subsequent term, and the clerk shall immediately issue a citation to such Executor or Administrator, requiring him to make settlement at the next term of court, and show cause, if any he have, why attachment should not issue against him for failing to make

on in order to make it heard. Every time you start to blow your horn in hale as deep a breath as you can, these blow as long as your wind holds out blow as long as your wind holds out the settlement according to law."

And Section 5391, of Volume II, of the Revised Statutes of 1889, reads as follows: "The course your start to blow your horn in hale as deep a breath as you can, these blow as long as your wind holds out blow as long as your wind holds out the settlement according to law."

And Section 5391, of Volume II, of the Revised Statutes of 1889, reads as follows: "The course your shall call the names of Grardians and Curators on the day for which their settlements are docket, and if any Guardian or Curator fail to appear and make settlement, the elerk shall immediately issue a citation to such Guardian or Curator, requiring him within 30 days to make settlement, and shw cause, if any Le have, why attachment should not issue against him or fail to appear and make settlements are docket.



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